

# THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM;

OR,  
REPOSITORY OF THE ARTS, SCIENCES, AND BELLES LETTRES.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY GEORGE BOND, NO. 4 CHAMBERS-STREET, NEW-YORK.

No. 22.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1825.

VOL. 1.

## REVIEW

ART. I.—The Sisters of St. Clara and Lays of Melpomene; by Sumner L. Fairfield. Portland. 1825.

THE critical axiom that an author's personal and literary characters are wholly unconnected, like the numberless dicta which supply deficiencies of truth by confidence of assertion, has never been more incontestably disproved than by the fortunes of the young poet, the titles of some of whose productions stand at the head of this paper. His private and public reputation—his actions and writings, have been mutually dependent on each other, and (unfortunately for him) the voice of grovelling malignity and envious detraction has been heard, even when the anonymous reviewer has professed to be guided in his judgment by literary merit or delinquency alone. We will not undertake to assert that Mr. Fairfield has given no occasion for the slander and abuse which have assailed him; we have it from his own declarations, that, like many other men of genius, he is proud and passionate; and we know, that too often he is unsparing and unmitigating in long protracted irritation. But we assert that the course pursued by some of his enemies, namely, through pretended literary reviews to attack his person, is disingenuous and unmanly. If Mr. Fairfield is open to assault, why not advance to the attack fearlessly? Why skulk behind the walls of a scurrilous magazine or gazette, and wound him in darkness? It appears, to our simple apprehension, the most consummate cowardice, beneath the armour of secrecy to hide the weapon whose poisoned thrust cannot possibly be warded off: and such we know has been practised upon the author of the "Sisters of St. Clara." But, like Goldsmith and Savage, he has had private, shuffling falsehood to combat and repel; and the malice of a few, and the prejudices of many, have influenced the public to the disfavour of his productions—though, not seldom, some of the first characters in America, especially professor Everett, have dared to do him justice. One would think (if acquainted with the tale of his sorrows, as he has told it) that Mr. Fairfield has had enough of individual and contingent suffering and calamity to endure, without being subjected to the sneer of envy and the vituperation of malignity. Like the Boston bard, he has lived a life of loneliness and grief, while his afflictions have been aggravated a thousand fold by the deprivation of fortune. His education has been of the most extensive kind: and any one who peruses his productions, unless blinded by invidious prepossessions, must acknowledge that pow-

erful command of language which could result only from a familiar acquaintance with ancient and modern philology. With such accomplishments, and those refined and sensitive feelings ever connected with lofty genius, we may form a probable idea of the sufferings which poverty and contumely have inflicted upon him; sufferings sufficient to procure him honour for his virtues from every honest man.

Mr. Fairfield began to write too early, and has written too much. If we are not mistaken, he was scarcely seventeen when he published, at the South, some of his verses; and, at the age of nineteen, he published in this city a volume of poems, which, notwithstanding many errors of inflated language, gave evidence of a rich imagination and a highly cultivated mind. The great evil with him has always been rapidity of composition, and disinclination to revisal, and even in the volume before us there are some vestiges of that fault, though rare and infrequent. "The Sisters of St. Clara" is decidedly his best poem; the story is excellent though tragic, the language simply elegant, the metaphors apposite and ornamental, and the execution of several scenes, particularly the parting of Zulma and Julian, and the death of Inez, singularly powerful and affecting.

There is a gloom over the whole, but it is not the painful gloom which envelopes many of his minor pieces, such as "Autumn," "The Death of Time," and "The Roman Catacombs."

He has been much censured, even by impartial critics, for the melancholy that pervades his poetry—and the censure is not wholly unjust. But how could it be expected that he should sing of joy with an arrow raukling in his heart? Besides, poetry is the vehicle of sorrow, and has always been. "Who ever wrote a book to tell the world he was happy?" asks the great Maturin. Look through the whole rich compass of poetry, and what will you find but glorious mausoleums, golden urns, and rose-canopied graves. Of course, the songs of young misses and flippant rhymers are excepted; but Mr. Fairfield does not write songs, and it seems more just to judge of the execution of a composition than to rail at its ideas, unless they are immoral or blasphemous.

Referring our readers to the volume for confirmation of our assertions, we must be permitted to say, in defiance of Mr. Fairfield's enemies, that judging from what he has done of what he will do, we know not a more promising writer in America. He is not soold as very many are before they leave the walls of a college; and, besides all he has written, he has acquired an intimate knowledge of French,

Italian, and Spanish, as we have heard many intelligent persons in Boston and Portland testify; and is perfectly versed in ancient and modern history, and classic lore. We should not enter into these details but to rebut the malice of those slanderers, whose falsehoods operate against him from their self-complacent plausibility, while he is too proud to notice them in person. If genius and learning cannot find defenders, we know not what can;—if modest talent must suffer alone and unespoused, and unobtrusive virtue lack a champion, surely the community must be content to hear from the son of genius and sorrow the mournful exclamation

"Oh that the desert were my dwelling place!"

W. C. P.

ART. II.—Notes on Mexico, made in the autumn of 1822. Accompanied by an historical sketch of the Revolution, and Translations of Official Reports of the present state of that country.—With a Map. By a citizen of the United States. 1824. 8vo. pp. 359. (Concluded.)

WE continue our extracts from Mr. Poinsett's interesting notes. He reaches the City of Mexico, of which he gives us the following lively sketch:

"Before I indulge you with a walk through the city, let me give you a sketch of its first settlement, and present situation. I will not begin with the creation of the world, nor with the deluge, although the people of this country have a tradition of that event. But I will begin from the year 1160, when the Aztecs first emigrated from Aztlan, or, according to some authorities, in 1038, or, to others 1064. After wandering about during the term of fifty-six years, they reached the valley of Tenochtitlan, or Mexico. They at first fixed themselves at Zumpanco, but shortly after moved to the south side of the mountains of Tepeyacac, where they settled on the spot now occupied by the village and church of our Lady of Guadalupe. In 1245 they took possession of the mountain of Chapultepec. Harassed by the princes of Xalcotan, they were forced to abandon these positions, and took refuge for a short time on a group of small islands, called Acocolco. An ancient tradition had been preserved among them, that they were to terminate their migrations, and fix themselves, finally, on the spot where they should see an Eagle perched on the branch of a nopal, (*cactus*), with the roots piercing through the crevices of a rock. The eagle and the nopal designated by the oracle, were discovered on one of the islands, near the western side of the lake Texcoco, in the year 1325, and on that island the Aztecs built a Teocalli, or great temple, dedicated to the worship of their god of war, Mexitli. At the time of the conquest, Mexico

was a large and populous city; for an account of which I refer you to Clavigero, *Storia di Messico*, and especially to the letters of Herman Cortez to Charles the Fifth, a work of very great interest, and which appears to me to contain the most exact description of the state of this country prior to the conquest. At that period the city was built on several small islands in the lake, but it is now fourteen thousand seven hundred and sixty-three feet from the lake of Tezcoco, and upwards of twenty-nine thousand five hundred and twenty-seven feet from that of Xochimilco. This change has been effected both by artificial and natural means. When the city was taken the last time by Cortez, the temples, palaces, and houses, were destroyed, and the canals filled up with the ruins. The trees in the valley have been, for the most part, cut down by the Spaniards, and the annual fall of water has sensibly decreased. The evaporation of the lakes is very considerable at this great height, and the canal of Heuhtotoca, leading from the lakes Zumpanco and San Christoval to the river Tula, drains off the water slowly, but constantly, towards the ocean, and prevents those lakes flowing into the Tezcoco.

"The new city, which was commenced in 1524, is built on piles. The streets are sufficiently wide, and run nearly north and south, east and west, intersecting each other at right angles; they are all well paved, and have side walks of flat stones. The public squares are spacious, and surrounded by buildings of hewn stone, and of very good architecture.—the public edifices and churches are vast and splendid, and the private buildings being constructed either of porous amygdaloid or of porphyry, have an air of solidity, and even of magnificence. They are of three or four stories high, with flat terrace roofs, and many of them are ornamented with iron balconies. The houses of Mexico are all squares, with open courts, and the corridors, or interior piazzas, are ornamented with enormous china vases, containing evergreens. They are not so well furnished as our houses in the United States, but the apartments are more lofty and spacious, and are better distributed. The entrance leads through a large gate into an inner court, with the stairs in front of the gate. The best apartments, which are, generally, gaudily painted, are on the street, and frequently on the second story above the ground floor.

"Our large cities are, many of them, neater than Mexico, but there is an appearance of solidity in the houses, and an air of grandeur in the aspect of this place, which are wanting in the cities of the United States. With us, however, a stranger does not see that striking and disgusting contrast between the magnificence of the wealthy, and the squalid penury of the poor, which constantly meets his view in Mexico. I have described the palaces of the rich—the abode of poverty does not offend the eye. It is be-

neath the church porches, in miserable barracks in the suburbs, or under the canopy of heaven. There are at least twenty thousand inhabitants of this capital, the population of which does not exceed one hundred and fifty thousand souls, who have no permanent place of abode, and no ostensible means of gaining a livelihood. After passing the night, sometimes under cover, sometimes in the open air, they issue forth in the morning like drones to prey upon the community, to beg, to steal, and in the last resort, to work. If they are fortunate enough to gain more than they require to maintain themselves for a day, they go to the pulqueria, and there dance, carouse, and get drunk on pulque, and *vino mozcal*, a brandy distilled from the fermented juice of the agave. Around and under the pulquerias are open sheds, covering a space of from fifty to a hundred feet: men and women may be seen in the evening, stretched on the ground, sleeping off the effects of their deep potations. These people, called by Humboldt *saragates* and *guachinanges*, are more generally known by the name of *leperos*. They are for the most part Indians and Mestizos, lively and extremely civil, asking alms with great humility, and pouring out prayers and blessings with astonishing volubility. They are most dexterous pick-pockets, and I have heard of some instances of their sleight of hand, that surpass the happiest efforts of the light-fingered gentry of Paris and London."

The Cathedral is next described, and appears to be a splendid edifice.

"Directly after breakfast this morning we walked to the cathedral which occupies one side of the great square, and stands on the ruins of the great *teocalli*, or temple of the god Mixitli. The front is very singular. One part of it is low, and of bad Gothic architecture; the other part is in the Italian style, ornamented with pilasters and statues, and is very handsome. The interior is imposing, larger, loftier, and more magnificent than the cathedral of Puebla. The distribution is the same, and the great altar not quite so rich.—The dome is bold, and is painted with great taste. The sanctuaries contain some tolerable paintings, and are neatly ornamented. On the whole, this church

would do credit to any city in Europe.—Within the enclosure of the cathedral, which is of stone pillars and chains, there is a stone buried, so that the surface alone is visible. In digging twenty or thirty feet deep, in order to level the great square, a great number of idols, and other remains of Aztec sculpture were discovered; among them were a large stone containing the Mexican Calendar, a colossal statue of the goddess Teoyao-miqui, and this stone, generally called the altar of sacrifice. It is about nine feet broad. In the centre is a head in relief, surrounded by groups of two figures, all represented in the same attitude—a warrior with his right hand resting on the helmet of a man offering flowers. There is

a groove, said to have been cut to let the blood of the victims run off. Baron Humboldt thinks this was not an altar, but one of those stones called *Temalacatt*, which were placed on a platform, and on which, the prisoners most distinguished for their rank combatted for their lives. 'Placed on the *Temalacatt*, surrounded by an immense crowd of spectators, they were to fight six Mexican warriors in succession: if they were fortunate enough to conquer, their liberty was granted them, and they were permitted to return to their own country; if, on the contrary, the prisoner sunk under the strokes of his adversaries, a priest called *Chalchiuhlepehua* dragged him, dead or living, to the altar, and tore out his heart.' The left foot of the conqueror terminates in a beak, which appears to be a weapon of some sort. The stone is porphyry.

"There is another still more singular stone, worked into the wall of the cathedral, so as to expose the whole surface of one side. It was discovered at the same time as the one just described, likewise of basaltic porphyry, but larger, and covered with characters in relief, representing the signs of the Mexican calendar. In the centre is a hideous head, which is surrounded by two circles of hieroglyphics, and beyond them there are three other circles, richly ornamented in relief. It is surprising how the Mexicans could have sculptured this hard stone with tools of jade or obsidian. I have before me a book, published by Alzate, giving a description of this stone, which some day I will translate. At present you must be content to know that the civil year of the Aztecs was a solar year of three hundred and sixty-five days, divided into eighteen months, each of twenty-five days, and five complimentary days, which were called *nemontemi*, or voids, and were considered unlucky, so that children born on these days were regarded as unfortunate, and were called unhappy. The beginning of the day was sunrise, and it was divided into eight parts. We know only four of them—the rising of the sun, its setting, and its two passages across the meridian. The month was divided into four periods, of five days each."

We hasten to our author's interview with the late emperor Iturbide.

"I was presented to His Majesty this morning. On alighting at the gate of the palace, which is an extensive and handsome building, we were received by a numerous guard, and then made our way up a large stone staircase, lined with sentinels, to a spacious apartment, where we found a brigadier general stationed to usher us into the presence. The emperor was in his cabinet and received us with great politeness. Two of his favourites were with him. We were all seated, and he conversed with us for half an hour in an easy unembarrassed manner, taking occasion to compliment the United States, and our institutions, and to lament that they were not suited to the circumstances of his country. He modestly insinuated

that he had yielded very reluctantly to the wishes of the people, but had been compelled to suffer them to place the crown upon his head to prevent misrule and anarchy.

"He is about five feet ten or eleven inches high, stoutly made and well proportioned. His face is oval, and his features are very good except his eyes, which were constantly bent on the ground or averted. His hair is brown, with red whiskers, and his complexion fair and ruddy, more like that of a German, than of a Spaniard. As you will hear his name pronounced differently, let me tell you that you must accent equally, every syllable, I-tur-bi-de. I will not repeat the tales I hear daily of the character and conduct of this man. Prior to the late successful revolution, he commanded a small force in the service of the Royalists, and is accused of having been the most cruel and blood-thirsty persecutor of the Patriots, and never to have spared a prisoner. His official letters to the viceroy substantiate this fact. In the interval between the defeat of the patriot cause and the last revolution, he resided in the capital, and in a society not remarkable for strict morals, he was distinguished for his immorality. His usurpation of the chief authority has been the most glaring, and unjustifiable; and his exercise of power arbitrary and tyrannical. With a pleasing address and prepossessing exterior, and by lavish profusion, he has attached the officers and soldiers to his person, and so long as he possesses the means of paying and rewarding them, so long he will maintain himself on the throne; when these fail, he will be precipitated from it. It is a maxim of history, which will probably be again illustrated by this example, that a government not founded on public opinion, but established and supported by corruption and violence, cannot exist without ample means to pay the soldiery, and to maintain pensioners and partisans. Aware of the state of his funds, and of the probable consequences to himself of their failure, he is making great exertions to negotiate loans in England; and such is the infatuation of the monied men in that country, that it is possible he may effect his object."

ART. II.—History of the Expedition to Russia, undertaken by the Emperor Napoleon, in the year 1812. By General Count PHILIP DE SEGUR. With a Map. (Concluded.)

The following extracts will close our notice of this book: we have continued to quote from it because it abounds with those great events in which Napoleon partook; in the detail of which his virtues and his faults are alike portrayed.

"September the 14th, Napoleon being at length persuaded that Kutusof had not thrown himself on his right flank, rejoined his advanced guard. He mounted his horse a few leagues from Moscow. He marched slowly and cautiously, sending

scouts before him to examine the woods and the ravines, and to ascend all the eminences to look out for the enemy's army. A battle was expected: the ground favoured the opinion; works were begun, but had all been abandoned, and we experienced not the slightest resistance.

"At length the last eminence only remained to be passed: it is contiguous to Moscow, which it commands. It is called the *Hill of Salvation*; because, on its summit, the inhabitants, at sight of their holy city, cross and prostrate themselves. Our scouts had soon gained the top of this hill. It was two o'clock: the sun caused this great city to glisten with a thousand colours. Struck with astonishment at this sight they paused, exclaiming 'Moscow! Moscow!' Every one quickened his pace; the troops hurried on in disorder; and the whole army, clapping their hands, repeated with transport, 'Moscow! Moscow!' just as sailors shout 'Land! land!' at the conclusion of a long and toilsome voyage.

"At the sight of this gilded city, of this brilliant knot uniting Asia and Europe, of this magnificent emporium of the luxury, the manners and the arts of the two fairest divisions of the globe, we stood in proud contemplation. What a glorious day had now arrived! It would furnish the grandest, the most brilliant recollection of our whole lives. We felt that at this moment all our actions would engage the attention of the astonished universe; and that every one of our movements, however trivial, would be recorded by history."

"But in Napoleon the first emotions were of short duration. He had too much to think of to indulge his sensations for any length of time. His first exclamation was: 'There, at last, is that famous city!' and the second: 'It was high time!'

"His eyes, fixed on that capital, already expressed nothing but impatience; in it he beheld in imagination the whole Russian empire. Those walls enclosed all his hopes—peace, the expenses of the war, immortal glory: his eager looks therefore intently watched all its outlets. When will its gates at length open? When shall we see that deputation come forth which will place its wealth, its population, its senate, and the principal of the Russian nobility at our disposal? Henceforth that enterprise in which he had so rashly engaged, brought to a successful termination by dint of boldness, will pass for the result of a high combination; his imprudence for greatness; henceforth his victory at the Moskwa, though so incomplete, will be deemed his greatest achievement. Thus all that might have turned to his ruin will contribute to his glory that day would begin to decide whether he was the greatest man in the world, or the most rash; in short, whether he had raised himself an altar, or dug himself a grave."

"Meanwhile the day was declining, and Moscow continued dull, silent, and

as it were inanimate. The anxiety of the emperor increased; the impatience of the soldiers became more difficult to be repressed. Some officers ventured within the walls of the city. 'Moscow is deserted!'

"At this intelligence, which he angrily refused to credit, Napoleon descended the hill of Salvation, and approached the Moskwa and the Dorogomilow gate. He paused once more; but in vain, at the entry of that barrier. Murat urged him. 'Well!' replied he, 'enter then, since they wish it!' He recommended the strictest discipline; he still indulged hopes. 'Perhaps these inhabitants do not even know how to surrender; for here every thing is new; they to us and we to them.'

"Reports now began to succeed each other; they all agreed. Some Frenchmen, inhabitants of Moscow, venturing to quit the hiding-places which for some days had concealed them from the fury of the populace, confirmed the fatal tidings. The emperor called Daru. 'Moscow deserted!' exclaimed he: 'what an improbable story! We must know the truth of it. Go and bring me the boyars.' He imagined that those men, stiff with pride or paralysed with terror, were fixed motionless in their houses: and he, who had hitherto been always met by the submission of the vanquished, provoked their confidence, and anticipated their prayers."

"Napoleon did not enter Moscow till after dark. He stopped in one of the first houses of the Dorogomilow suburb. There he appointed Marshal Mortier governor of that capital. 'Above all,' said he to him, 'no pillage! For this you shall be answerable to me with your life. Defend Moscow against all, whether friend or foe.'

"That night was a gloomy one: sinister reports followed one upon the heels of another. Some Frenchmen, resident in the country, and even a Russian officer of police, came to announce the conflagration. He gave all the particulars of the preparations for it. The emperor, alarmed by these accounts, strove in vain to get some rest. He called every moment, and had the fatal tidings repeated to him. He nevertheless entrenched himself in his incredulity, till, about two in the morning, he was informed that the fire had actually broken out."

"While our troops were yet struggling with the conflagration, and the army was disputing their prey with the flames, Napoleon, whose sleep none had dared to disturb during the night, was awoke by the twofold light of day and of the fire. His first feeling was that of irritation, and he would have commanded the devouring element; but he soon paused and yielded to impossibility. Surprised that when he had struck at the heart of an empire, he should find there any other sentiment than submission and terror, he felt himself vanquished and surpassed in determination.

"This conquest, for which he had sacrificed every thing, was like a phantom which he had pursued, and which, at the moment when he imagined he had grasped it, vanished in a mingled mass of smoke and flame. He was then seized with extreme agitation; he seemed to be consumed by the fires which surrounded him. He rose every moment, paced to and fro, and again sat down abruptly. He traversed his apartments with quick steps his sudden and vehement gestures betrayed painful uneasiness he quitted, resumed, and again quitted, an urgent occupation, to hasten to the windows and watch the progress of the conflagration. Short and incoherent exclamations burst from his labouring bosom. 'What a tremendous spectacle!—It is their own work!—So many palaces!—What extraordinary resolution!—What men!—These are Scythians indeed!'"

"We already breathed nothing but smoke and ashes. Night approached and was about to add darkness to our dangers: the equinoctial gales, in alliance with the Russians, increased in violence. The king of Naples and prince Eugene hastened to the spot: in company with the prince of Neufchâtel they made their way to the emperor, and urged him by their entreaties, their gestures, and on their knees, and insisted on removing him from this scene of desolation. All was in vain.

Napoleon, in possession of the palace of the czars, was bent on not yielding that conquest even to the conflagration, when all at once the shout of 'The Kremlin is on fire!' passed from mouth to mouth, and roused us from the contemplative stupor with which we had been seized. The emperor went out to reconnoitre the danger. Twice had the fire communicated to the building in which he was, and twice had it been extinguished; but the tower of the arsenal was still burning. A soldier of the police had been found in it. He was brought, and Napoleon caused him to be interrogated in his presence. This man was the incendiary: he had executed his commission at the signal given by his chief. It was evident that every thing was devoted to destruction, the ancient and sacred Kremlin itself not excepted.

"The gestures of the Emperor betokened disdain and vexation: the wretch was hurried into the first court, where the enraged grenadiers despatched him with their bayonets.

"This incident decided Napoleon. He hastily descended the northern staircase, famous for the massacre of the Strelitzes, and desired to be guided out of the city, to the distance of a league on the road to Petersburgh, toward the imperial palace of Petrowsky.

"But we were encircled by a sea of fire, which blocked up all the gates of the citadel, and frustrated the first attempts that were made to depart. After some search, we discovered a postern gate leading between the rocks to the Moskwa.—It was by this narrow passage that Napo-

leon, his officers, and guard, escaped from the Kremlin. But what had they gained by this movement? They had approached nearer to the fire, and could neither retreat nor remain where they were: and how were they to advance? How force a passage through the waves of this ocean of flame? Those who had traversed the city, stunned by the tempest, and blinded by the ashes, could not find their way, since the streets themselves were no longer distinguishable amidst smoke and ruins.

"There was no time to be lost. The roaring of the flames around us became every moment more violent. A single narrow winding street, all on fire, appeared rather to be the entrance than the outlet to this hell. The Emperor rushed on foot, and without hesitation, into this narrow passage. He advanced amid the crackling of the flames, the crash of floors, and the fall of burning timbers, and of the red-hot iron roofs which tumbled around him. These ruins impeded his progress. The flames which, with impetuous roar, consumed the edifices between which we were proceeding, spreading beyond the walls, were blown about by the wind, and formed an arch over our heads. We walked on a ground of fire, beneath a fiery sky, and between two walls of fire. The intense heat burnt our eyes, which we were, nevertheless, obliged to keep open and fixed on the danger. A consuming atmosphere, glowing ashes, and detached flames, parched our throats, and rendered our respiration short and dry: and we were already almost suffocated by the smoke. Our hands were burnt, either in endeavouring to protect our faces from the insupportable heat, or in brushing off the sparks which every moment covered and penetrated our garments.

"To escape from this vast region of calamities, it was further necessary to pass a long convoy of powder, which was defiling amidst the fire. This was not the least of his dangers, but it was the last, and by nightfall he arrived at Petrowsky.

"Next morning, the 17th of September, Napoleon cast his first looks at Moscow, hoping to see that the conflagration had subsided. He beheld it again raging with the utmost violence: the whole city appeared like a vast spout of fire rising in whirling eddies to the sky, which it deeply coloured. Absorbed by this melancholy contemplation, he observed a long and gloomy silence, which he broke only by the exclamation, 'This forebodes great misfortunes to us!'

"Some one proposed to return upon Wittgenstein and Witepsk. Napoleon was undecided between these plans. That for the conquest of Petersburgh alone flattered him: the others appeared but as ways of retreat, as acknowledgments of error; and whether from pride, or policy which will not admit itself to be in the wrong, he rejected them.

"Besides, where was he to stop in a retreat? He had so fully calculated on concluding a peace at Moscow, that

he had no winter quarters provided in Lithuania. Kalonga had no temptations for him. Wherefore lay waste fresh provinces? It would be wiser to threaten them, and leave the Russians something to lose, in order to induce them to conclude a peace by which it might be preserved. Would it be possible to march to another battle, to fresh conquests, without exposing a line of operation, covered with sick, stragglers, wounded, and convoys of all sorts? Moscow was the general rallying point; how could it be changed? what other name would have any attraction?

"Lastly, and above all, how relinquish a hope to which he had made so many sacrifices, when he knew that his letter to Alexander had just passed the Russian advanced posts; when eight days would be sufficient for receiving an answer so ardently desired; when he wanted that time to rally and reorganise his army, to collect the relics of Moscow, the conflagration of which had but too strongly sanctioned pillage, and to draw his soldiers from that vast infirmary!

"Scarcely, indeed, a third of that army and that capital still existed. But himself and the Kremlin were still standing his renown was still entire, and he persuaded himself that those two great names, Napoleon and Moscow, combined, would be sufficient to accomplish every thing. He determined, therefore, to return to the Kremlin, which a battalion of his guard had unfortunately preserved.

"The camps which he traversed on his way thither presented an extraordinary sight. In the fields, amidst thick mud, large fires were kept up with mahogany furniture, windows, and gilded doors. Around these fires, on a litter of damp straw, imperfectly sheltered by a few boards, were seen the soldiers, and their officers, splashed all over with mud and blackened with smoke, seated on armchairs, or reclining under canopies of silk. At their feet were spread cashmere shawls, the richest tuls of Siberia, stuffs of gold from Persia, and plates of silver, in which they had nothing to eat, but a black cake cooked upon ashes, and half-boiled and bleeding horse flesh. Singular combination of abundance and famine, of splendour and of filth, of luxury and distress.

"Between the camps and the city were to be seen crowds of soldiers, dragging along their booty, or driving it before them. Mougiks bending under the weight of the plunder of their own capital; for the fire brought to sight nearly twenty thousand inhabitants, hitherto undiscovered in this immense city. Some of these Muscovites, of both sexes, who appeared to be well clothed, were merchants, who were to be seen with the remnants of their property, taking refuge amidst our fires.—They lived with our soldiers, protected by some and tolerated, or scarcely noticed by others. There were also about ten thousand soldiers of the enemy, who, for many days, wandered amongst us free, and some of them even armed."

## SELECTIONS.

## MOOSE-HILLOCK.

*Dartmouth College, Aug. 15th, 1825.*

To the Editors of the Cheshire Gazette.

**GENTLEMEN**—I have just returned from a tour to the North, where I had an opportunity of visiting some of Nature's most romantic productions. Mount Washington undoubtedly stands at the head of them, in point of grandeur and sublimity. But the traveller would be amply repaid, by spending some time in examining the curiosities of Moose-hillock, in the town of Coventry. And what would render his stay the more agreeable is the legendary lore with which visitors are treated by the inhabitants. The following information I obtained from the mouth of one of the first settlers, whose head was whitened by the frost of not less than seventy winters.

In the early settlements of this State, Moose-hillock was a noted resort for Moose and Deer, and continued to attract the attention of the Indian hunters, after the country had become considerably settled. One Indian in particular, by the name of Flat-foot, would often astonish his white neighbours with the vast quantity of peltries which he brought to their market. He also disposed of rich specimens of gold and silver ore, which he brought from the mountain. The curiosity of the white settlers would not allow them to remain indifferent to the Indian's successes. Bribery, threatenings, and a thousand other arts were resorted to by the avaricious, to obtain from Flat-foot a knowledge of the spot, from which he could at leisure fill his knapsack with the glittering treasure, but to no effect. It was an Indian secret, never to be revealed to white men.

At this time, there was residing in Royalton, Vt. the only remaining Indian of the Pequod tribe. He was chosen the confidant in the secret on Moose-hillock. Pequod had never been allowed to visit the sacred spot where the ore was found, but received such oral directions as the sagacity of an Indian could readily follow. Things remained in this situation several years, till Flat-foot died, and then left Pequod the lawful heir of treasures *unknown*. His first step towards taking possession of his valuable inheritance was in direct violation to the injunctions of Flat-foot; and so far did he disregard the fidelity of his ancestors, as to consent that a white man, by the name of Merriam, should accompany him, and share in the discoveries on Moose-hillock. They commenced their journey secretly together, and travelled most of one day, without meeting any other obstacles than those arising from the growling wild cats, the howling wolves, and the shoals of rattlesnakes, whose nests had never before been disturbed by the footsteps of civilized man. They had already passed the split rocks, and found the *witch-hazel*

bushes, when their hats began to sit lightly on their heads, their ears tingle at sound of every cricket, and their hearts struggled to get through their ribs. Merriam, conscious of treading on forbidden ground, dared venture no further.

His hair, on end, knocked off his hat,  
And almost lifeless, down he sat.

The Indian went on about thirty rods, but in a few minutes came back upon the full run, scattering his hat, moccasins, blanket, knapsack, &c. in the wind, at every bound; and, without listening to the cries and entreaties of his petrified companion, in about ten minutes was out of sight and hearing. In this lonely and deserted situation, poor Merriam's feelings were indescribable. Accustomed, as he had been, to the relation of all the frightful stories that accompany this undertaking, and alive to full faith in ghosts and apparitions, it was impossible to prevent all the horrors of witches, hobgoblins, sprights, evil spirits, the devil and all, from staring him full in the face.— Had Moose-hillock been solid gold, he would now have exchanged it for his own fireside. Overcome with the magic of the presiding spirits, or his own gloomy foreboding, he became insensible to every thing around him, and was never able to give any account of what took place, till he found himself transported, either by the Furies, or his own legs, to a dismal swamp, where he was obliged to make his bed for the night, of brakes and hemlock boughs, and listen to the serenade of owls and wolves, or dream of treasures beyond his reach.

Through the protection of other spirits than those which surround the aurific regions, he was preserved to see the light of another day, find his way down the mountain, meet his friends, and relate to them the particulars of his adventures.

Pequod had not yet been heard from. Four days after, he arrived at his wigwam in Royalton, and gave the following account of his escape from the Furies:—

After leaving Merriam, he advanced till he came in sight of the smoke or fog, as foretold by Flat-foot, which gradually began to arise in the form of a cloud, and exposed, to his astonished view, the glittering object of his pursuit, surrounded by thousands of his mangled and decapitated countrymen, jumping up and down in the greatest agony. The spectacle was too terrific for his trembling nerves to bear a moment; and the only chance of escape from a similar fate was in a speedy flight. But no sooner had he turned his back upon this ravenous Golgotha, than the Furies pursued in various forms, besides those of hoop-snakes and wild cats, which continued to whip his legs, and tear his clothes and skin, till his carcase was nearly denuded of both.

In this perilous situation, he continued his flight, till he had more than circumambulated the mountain, when he approached *cleared land*, and his pursuers gave up the chase. With melancholy

steps he then sought his habitation, and no consideration would ever after induce him to venture on to the mountain in pursuit of a treasure, which he had presumed, thus perfidiously, to betray to white men.

Pequod enjoyed but very little happiness afterwards, and took no game. His tragical end is familiar to many, even to this day. The story of his treachery soon reached the ears of his connexions in the west, who resolved to inflict on him exemplary punishment, by cutting his flesh into pieces. This they effected in the course of the year, and left his mangled body at the door of his hut. Thus all the knowledge the Indians ever had of the gold and silver ore on Moose-hillock was lost for ever. Merriam, also, could never after find the place to which Pequod conducted him. A thousand fruitless attempts has he made, with his associates, to find the spot, which once made his heart beat with the mingled emotions of joy and fear.

Several years ago three or four hundred people, from this State and Vermont, turned out in concert, with a full determination to storm the golden fortress of the mountain, and take possession of its stores. They spent several days in traversing every foot of Moose-hillock, but owing to some unknown cause, the treasure always took to itself wings, at their approach.

Whether this unfortunate attempt was the result of their approaching the mountain in an irreverential manner, or whether certain magic words ought to have been said over, or whether it was necessary to make use of certain 'divining rods,' no one of the company was sufficiently versed in the secrets of Capt. Kidd properly to decide. Every one knows how much St. Peter, St. Patrick, St. Rosalia, St. Agatha, and others, have done for their followers, who make their requests with appropriate oblations. And it is now the general belief, that whoever unlocks the golden treasures of Moose-hillock, must, with proper offerings, first obtain the smiles of the Guardian Saint of the Mountain; which, as every one knows, is the departed spirit of a favourite Moose, whose intrepid conduct, in the earliest discoveries of New-Hampshire, was sufficient to defend a numerous flock from the depredations of the first settlers; and whose parental care, while living, insured that filial regard from his posterity, which has embalmed his virtues, as well as his bones, in the bowels of the mountain.

T. B.

## WILD MAN.

It is related in the German newspapers, that a man, apparently about thirty years of age, has been brought to Prague from the Harlswald forest, in Bohemia, where he was found in a perfectly savage state. His actions and habits are those of the ourang-outang; and he appears to be irclaimable.

## DESCRIPTION OF A STORM AT SEA.

At a call of "all hands upon deck!" the captain started from his brief repose. I heard the bolts of the companion-door shutting behind him; and the heavy tarpaulin thrown over the light left me to the dark and conjectural glimmer of the bull's eye over my little cabin, or the dim twinkling of the fire, now in the act of being stifled by its own smoke. There was a hasty calling of voices, rattling of cordage, and clanking of pails; and ere that had subsided the sea and the sky again awakened their diapason of horror; and the wind, the rain, and the waves, seemed to have conspired for our immediate destruction. The cabin was again in a sulphury gloom; the groans and lamentations of my fellow-passengers were more frequent and piteous; the rattling, the creaking, and the shouting, were dismal enough; but they were nothing to the roaring of the storm above, and raging of the sea beneath, every blast of which must have laid the ship prone upon the sea, and every blow sounded as if a world had been shattered. No man who has not experienced such a scene, the first time he has been upon the ocean, so confined that he could neither see what was taking place, nor communicate what he felt, can fathom a state of horror equal to that in which I then was. An insulated thing, cut off from human help and human sympathy, upon the wide sea, *ignorant of the green earth and the glorious sun*, with every fathom above, beneath, and around me, armed not only with the power, but with the certainty of death. I might have cried; but would the winds or waves heed or hear my complainings? and who else could hear amidst the thunders of their voices? I might stretch out my hand; but had the deluging cloud, or the dashing water, a hand ready to deliver me? I might even call on Him to whom the most heedless and worst of men call when help can come from no other quarter; but what had I done, or what could I merit, that the ordinary course of nature should be changed for my safety or comfort? I know not what was my mental occupation. It was not thought; it was not reverie; it was not imagination; it was as though the whole powers of the mind had been dashed into a chaos, and the whole of my disjointed and disordered faculties had drifted whither the wind listed and the wave rolled, or rather, to some unknown and fearful region, where wind and wave, sea and sky, commingling and commingled with the broken potsherd of the earth, had left nothing which the judgment could comprehend, or upon which the fancy could dwell. The incidents of my life—my joys—my sorrows—my fortunes—my misfortunes—my loves—my hatreds—all that I might have been—all that I had not been—haunted me like the ghosts of the mighty dead; and while I seemed of no more note, and had no more command of myself than a single atom of the careering air, or a single drop

in the turmoiling ocean, I felt as if borne on the wings of irresistible fate from death to death, and from annihilation to annihilation. The chaos within me accorded with the chaos that was without; it was shreds of dreams—snatches of reality—touches of reason, and traces of madness—twinges of fear, and turns of resignation—dawnings of hope, and dashings of despair: I would die, and I would not die—I would live, and I would not live. I was in a world of shadows—a place of things which held fearful sportings upon the margin of the grave; now I was anxious that the dread leap might be taken, and anon, I would that I might once more revisit the sun and the sky. I became unconscious.

## THE GRAVE.

Nature appeared desolate and mournful; the clouds passed heavily on, shrouding all things in their gloom. The winds sighed sadly through the dark boughs that waved among the tombs: these stood around, like the ghosts of the evening, pale, silent, and motionless. Beneath the cold, but speaking marble, lay the bodies of the departed, crumbling to their primitive dust; bodies which were once among us, in all the joy of life. Our relations and friends—where are they now!—Wrapped in the damp clay! emaciated and haggard as when sickness and death tore them from us. My soul was melancholy! I thought upon the scenes of former times, when those who now lie buried, were with us. They were once dear to us, but now they are alone and cold, beneath the earth. On the ground fallen leaves were scattered, the emblems of man's mortality, killed by the frost of winter, and torn from their parent stems; so does death, fell and merciless, sweep from us all that we hold dear. But the shadows of evening approached, and all was cold, dreary, and comfortless. The sepulchral arches and upright monuments of the dead were losing themselves in the uncertainty of the gloom. Do the ghosts of the departed now stalk abroad? Have they burst from their cemeteries to walk amidst these shades? I beheld a figure gilding across the mounds; pensively it stole among the graves, like the wandering spectre of the night. It approached; it was a beautiful spirit! The raven tresses were too rudely blown by the chill breath of Winter, and his frigid hand was upon her ivory neck, but the sweet spirit was regardless of it. Her white drapery flowed loosely around, as she leaned in sorrow over a tomb, which marked the repose of innocence. She spoke not; but the unutterable meaning of the look she cast to Heaven, and the deep sigh she heaved, betrayed the—MOTHER!

## GEOGRAPHY.

Two British vessels have been for some time employed in surveying the Persian Gulph, laying down the coast, settling the latitudes of places, &c.

## MUSIC OF THE ROCKS.

THERE is a rock in South America, on the bank of the river Oronoko, called Piedra de Carichana Vieja, near which, Humboldt says, travellers have heard, from time to time, about sun-rise, subterraneous sounds, similar to those of the organ. Humboldt was not himself fortunate enough to hear this mysterious music, but still he believes in its reality, and ascribes those sounds to the difference of temperature in the subterraneous and external air, which at sun-rise is most distant from the highest degree of heat on the preceding day. The current of air, which issues through the crevices of the rock, produces, in his opinion, those sounds, which are heard by applying the ear to the stone in a lying position. May we not suppose (Humboldt adds) that the ancient inhabitants of Egypt, during their frequent navigations up and down the Nile, may have made the same observation about a rock of Thebais, and that this 'Music of the Rocks' led to the fraud of the priests with the statue of Memnon. When the 'rosy-fingered Aurora made her son, the glorious Memnon, sound'—it was nothing but the voice of a man concealed under the pedestal of the statue. But the observation of the natives of the Oronoko, seems to explain in a natural way, what gave birth to the Egyptian faith in a stone that issued sounds at sun-rise.

*A new way of curing capricious singers, or of making the unwilling sing.*

John Abell, a famous singer and performer on the lute, in the 17th century, one day, during his stay at Warsaw, was requested by the King of Poland to sing at court. Abell peremptorily refused; and though it was intimated to him that he would probably suffer from the royal displeasure, he still persisted in declining it, and sent the king an apology by letter. In answer to this, he received a regular summons to appear at a certain hour in the king's palace. Abell obeyed, and though at first courteously enough received, he was presently forced to sit down in an arm chair, that stood in the midst of a grand hall. No sooner was he seated, than the chair flew up with him to a great height. The king, with his whole court, now made his appearance on a gallery opposite to Abell, and, at the same time, a number of wild bears, of which there never was yet a scarcity in that country, were driven into the hall. The poor vocalist, almost dead with fright, was now addressed by the king, and was left to choose, either to sing instantly, or to be let down and await his fate among the unceremonious inhabitants of the desert. Which part poor Abell took, it is needless to mention, but the facetious narrator of this well-authenticated anecdote says, Abell could not resist such a powerful mode of persuasion, and, whether *con more* or not, he sang so beautifully that the king and the bears listened in silent admiration.—*Gerber Worterbuch*, part I. p. 10.

## THE DAY DREAM.

*From English Life.*

It was one of those glorious nights which make us suffer the departure of the loveliest day without regret. A deep and bright blue sky, in the zenith of which the moon was rising, formed an arch over the Italian world;—I sat on the steps of the Capitol, looking down from the Tarpeian, and surveying with a restless eye relics of the proudest days of the Empress of the world—all rising successively as living pictures to the view—as one by one my eye rested on them in its progress, and traced their softened outline as they were bathed in the moonlight, like the beauties of fairest forms viewed through the transparent wave.

In such a scene, to indulge in dreamy reminiscences of all that is great and glorious, is natural to the mind. To evoke spirit after spirit that formerly animated the forms of the Scipios, the Gracchi, and the Bruti, is the employment of the imagination, which will not be contented with less noble companionship. Delightful as it is to revel amidst the floating visions of memory, the heart desires more minute acquaintanceship with the brilliant forms of past things. Such was the wish I was indulging, when a beam of the palest light enveloped me, communicating a sensation of coldness, such as the moon's ray imparts. The light passed from around me, and seemed to gather itself to the form and lineament of manhood. I shuddered as it became thus gradually embodied, but my fascinated eyes had not the power of withdrawing themselves. I viewed the progress of the wonderful work with breathless attention, until a being, even like myself in form and gesture, glittered before me in a paleness of which earth has no prototype, and which the boldest pen may not attempt to describe. What delicate lines of feature and formation! What terrible absence of all expression! What an illustration of calmness without composure! What complete breathlessness!—how motionless!—how passionless! What deep and bright blackness of eye, fearfully contrasted with the most brilliant white! What a colourless robe enveloped him! If any man has ever been in a similar situation, he, and he only, can comprehend the rush of feelings which chained me to my seat, and at once excited the desire of departing, and deprived me of the power.

He never gazed on me; his eyes were always on the scene before him. I felt as if I were invisible to him. This conviction was speedily dissipated, for in a voice like the breathing sounds of the *Æolian flute*, he thus addressed me:—

“On earth I was a Roman of the equestrian order, and I lived during the reign of Augustus and the epoch of the arts.”

Enthusiasm restored the function of speech—“Oh that he would call up before me visions of days that are no more known on earth,” said I; “Oh that I

might enjoy the knowledge of those minute traits of character and manner which only he who has dwelt among them can impart!”

The gracious shade turned towards me:—to endure a glance which was at once piercing, and yet so fixed as to give an idea of its having no power of vision, was an effort beyond humanity. My eyelids lowered, and I trembled. He resumed his former position, and said—

“Of all the faculties which we possessed on earth, there is none we retain in greater perfection than that of memory. It increases the torment of the bad, and heightens the bliss of the good;—it deepens the shadow of Erebus, and it brightens the golden atmosphere of Elysium. Thus you perceive the perceptions of the spirit when released from its prison-house of flesh, change their degree only, not their principle. Memory operates upon us as upon you, but more intensely. To convey to you the impression made on me by surrounding objects, would be impracticable. You are still under the influence of that beautiful illusion with which the corporeal organs invest every thing that affects them. The eye bestows all the graces of form—of colour—of passion—which it admires; the disembodied spirit sees things by a different medium; the brilliancy of deception is passed away, and the sternness of intellectual perception pervades all actual objects that reflect their shadows upon such an essence. Our ideas of things not being received by a sensible medium, originate in the shadows which they throw upon the essence that constitutes our being. But we still retain the memory of the glories that once brightened upon us, and there occur to us scenes so accurately represented, that the pleasure we derive from recollected ideas is probably, in the aggregate, stronger than any which the actual transition of the events bestowed upon us.

“Yes,” he continued, his fixed eye casting its cold and frozen beams on the Amphitheatre, ‘scenes such as filled yon walls have been frequented by me in imperial Rome with many pleasurable feelings, in days of its glory, which shall return no more to me, or to those who sparkled among its spectators. There was a galaxy of stars glittering within its hemisphere, the wake of whose glory has extended to your age, and shall extend until your planet is totally eclipsed. Augustus, Mecænas, Horace, Virgil; can time obliterate such names? Such thoughts of far-gone splendour must animate all that have not attained the composed calmness of a shade. It is feeling such as these that we recall with most dear delight, and which cling to us far beyond any other traces of mortality.

“In the Podium sat Augustus in the elevated pavilion of the Suggestum. I had great curiosity in examining very minutely those glorious eyes which he affected to derive from Apollo; that attractive countenance which, as similarly happened to Hannibal, saved his life from the hands of a Gallic chief in his passage over the Alps. There was a quick and penetrating expression of countenance which was somewhat at variance with his general equanimity of character. In the lively and acute looks which he sometimes threw around him, who could recognise the cool and calculating politician that had attained absolute power, rather by the sagacity of his counsels than the heroism of his arms? His auburn hair curled naturally, and gave a youthful beauty to his head and a grace to his expression, which was by no means inadequately sustained by his aquiline nose. I was a Roman, and descended from the foremost of the republican commonwealth;—but I recall, even in the shades, my admiration of the appearance of the master of Rome. My eyes, however, were incessantly raised to meet his;—I was too conscious of my birthright claims to flatter imperial vanity by affecting to be dazzled by the lightning of a glance merely human.

“At the particular occasion of the spectacle to which I immediately refer, there were present Livia, the wife of Augustus, and Julia, his daughter, in the highest seats of the Amphitheatre. Livia was an especial object of my attention, on account of the extraordinary empire which she had acquired over her husband. His tenderness and his confidence in her were incessant. I remember however her answer to the question, ‘by what means she preserved her ascendancy?’ floated through the circles of Rome. She said, ‘by unsuspected virtue and unlimited submission; by never interfering with state intrigues, and by never seeing his gallantries with otherwomen.’ What a pattern for wives!

“What a contrast was visible on this occasion between the wife and the daughter of the first man in the universe! The former was surrounded by mature and dignified personages; the latter was in the midst of a group of gay and youthful voluptuaries, whose dispositions accorded too well with her own. Now the glances of the Emperor travelled from one to the other. Unable at length to controul his sentiments, he sent a billet to his daughter, desiring her to remark how infinitely she lost by comparison with her mother-in-law. Julia returned the note, having written underneath, ‘my companions will be mature, when I shall have attained maturity.’ The Emperor recovered from his anger only by entering into discourse with his adopted son, Agrippa—the man who in the midst of the splendour of his adoption, was weak enough to be ashamed of his ignoble birth, and, contrary to custom, omitted his family name of Vipsanius, rendering himself liable to every sarcasm of malice. I was present when his adversary in the judiciary court called him, ‘Marcus Agrippa,’ with a name in the middle.

"I was speaking of Julia. Such was the supposed Corinna of Ovid, the poet of love. He sat in the covered seats, appropriated to the equestrians, first behind the Podium: but the furtive glances of his eye were ever and anon directed towards the seat of the daughter of the emperor, with all their youthful fire of love." "Then," said I, eagerly interrupting my ghostly companion, in the hope of solving one of the most obscure questions of antiquity, "it was really the passion of Ovid for Julia that occasioned his exile!"

"We are forbidden," replied he, "to answer any questions which lead to the satisfaction of a vain curiosity, or to depreciate the value of the spirit of inquiry among mankind. Whilst there are men of various habits and inclinations, there will be difference of opinion. Suppose the possibility of perfect unanimity of sentiment, and records, which are at present most interesting, would sink into oblivion. The spirit of man delights in searching for light in the midst of darkness.

"There are many shades in Elysium who, on earth, advocated the gladiatorial shows; such spectacles, however, are now recollected by them with horror and disgust. It was asserted, that such sports tended to animate the courage of the people; but it is certain that, at the period when those exhibitions were most frequent in Rome, the Romans were not a free people. *Policy* had a right to praise them, and was judicious in using them. It was well observed to Augustus, who complained that the people were entirely occupied by these matters; 'so much the better, it is not desirable that they should have leisure to think of us.'

"Yes, there is the ARENA, that frightful scene of so many combats, that have fixed the stigma of barbarity on my countrymen. The sand strewn on its surface was dyed with the blood of the victims to brutal dispositions. Among the barbarians exhibited on the occasion which I am at present laying before you, there was one who offered much food for observation to a poet. He was a Briton. His yellow hair—his florid complexion—his formation—were sufficiently indicative of his origin. He had fought bravely, but he had been overpowered, and—he was here! Attention was fixed upon him. Had he been a Roman he would have been called a hero; he was a Briton, and he was deemed a fierce barbarian. He had been sent to Capua to be disciplined for the bloody exhibition; such were the manners of the time, such the practices which provoked an old commander to exclaim, 'Oh, shame to Rome! wrestlers, hunters, gladiators, all are disciplined; our soldiers only are *not* disciplined.'

"I saw that Briton on his first appearance in the Arena, when they paraded the gladiators round its circuit. His proud eye filled with a thousand memories of the past, that seemed, by adding to its fire, to indicate how dearly he would sell his life; yet there was an occasional softening,

not of timidity, but of regret; perhaps he had a wife in his own remote island—perhaps he had children—and there was a vision of them floating before him at some moments. It was impossible to misunderstand the expression; there were surely in his soul thoughts of days gone by. Savages are capable of the soft lovingness of the most civilized; perhaps they have stronger passions, certainly they have more unchecked passions. Savages love their wives, their offspring, their home-altars. For these they fight, and for that combat—that sacred combat—Oh Rome! how were they slaughtered in the midst of thy haughty hills!

"The Briton escaped the horrors of the early part of the day. He avoided the fury of the lion let loose upon him, and he re-appeared a few hours after to renew his combat with different antagonists—his fellow-men. He entered with alacrity—the debasing scourge by which others were reluctantly driven to the horrible conflict, was not required by him. He was opposed to a man in complete armour, whilst his own arms were only a trident and a net. Oh, what a weary length of conflicting manhood! At its termination it was just possible he might survive his loss of blood, when his triumphant adversary stood over him. The gallant spirit was extinguished—he lay there prostrate and subdued. His heart was with his household gods—he longed after them in his extremity—he longed for the kind look of affection that should smooth the passage of the fleeting soul: but it was not there. He looked round once upon those who were to decide his fate for one moment, only one, he looked pleadingly. It was not hard to die, but it was hard to die thus ignominiously in a foreign land. The fatal signal was given by the inhuman audience: he knew there was no hope for him. His nostrils distended—his eyebrows knit—his lips were compressed. One bright flash of disdain smote the barbarous beings around him, and in the next his heart broke. The struggle was over, and the murdered slept in peace!"

The moon at that instant set beautifully. A thick darkness came over me, when it dispersed; the stars were bright in the heavens, but the spirit was gone

#### SUPPORT YOUR MECHANICS.

There is scarce any thing which tends more to the improvement of a town, than a fair and liberal support afforded to Mechanics of every description. Population is necessary to the prosperity of town or country, and that population being of an honest and industrious character, renders prosperity more certain, uniform, and unvarying. Scarce any place has ever yet risen to much importance, even when possessed of the utmost commercial advantages without a due regard to the encouragement of the mechanical arts. For though the exportation of produce, and the importation of merchandise, may form the leading features of such a place; the

various arts of mechanism are invariably called in requisition, and are indispensable to render the progress of commercial operations safe and easy. To an inland town, mechanics are equally important as elsewhere. They constitute a large and respectable portion of society, in all countries; but in our own towns and villages, they are almost a leading constituent part of their growth and population. To afford ample support to a class of citizens so highly useful and necessary, is certainly the duty of those engaged in other pursuits. Some branches of mechanism have to sustain no competition from abroad, the nature of their business preventing any such inroad and interference; others are, however, subject to be invaded by the importation of similar articles of foreign production, made for sale, and often by their, *apparently*, lower rates, inducing a preference over those of our own production. Although trade and commerce, in all their various branches, should be free and unshackled, a regard for the growth and prosperity of our own towns and villages should induce us to afford a reasonable support to our own mechanics: we should at least give them a preference, when we are not the losers by it. A little experience will have convinced many, that it is, in most cases, their own interest to do so, independent of any other considerations: they will learn that many of those bargains which come from afar off, will, in the end, turn out to be bad bargains, very often will be found to have been made to sell.

Nashville Whig.

*Fossil and Live Shells of the same species differ, according to locality, distances, &c.*

It has been remarked, that the same fossil shells found in places at a distance from each other, always exhibit some differences in their form, the deepness of their grooves, the degree of projection of their spines, &c. Mr. Basterodt affirms the same to be the case with living species, as he found that they do not exhibit the same characters in places separated at considerable distances from each other, or even in near localities, when the heat, humidity, nourishment, &c. are different. Hitherto but little attention has been paid to those local differences; hence it has happened that new species have been proposed, which were only varieties of known species. This fact is of great importance in a geognostical point of view.

*Dr. Jameson, Ed. Phil. Journal.*

*Literary Morceau.*—The following is a literal transcript of a letter actually sent, a short time ago, to the mistress of a school at Hendon, by the father of one of the boarders—"As I had a good heddication myself, I am intirely ashamed in what manner Lucy his bitt by the buggs, and it my desire for her to slepe in the bedd that she always do; and not to slepe sum time in wun, and then in another, or to feed all the buggs in the ouse, for I think that it be not rite, nether shall she do it."

## ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

## THE ITINERANT—No. IX.

ONE morning in November, when the sun was just beginning to tinge the tops of the loftiest pines with his rays, I sallied from my hut and descended the shelving declivity of a high hill, with a gun flung across my shoulder, for the purpose of passing the day in search of amusement, alike propitious to bodily health as to the free action of those organs on which man more chiefly places his dependance for the attainment of his wishes. The mind, as well as the limbs, requires exercise and freedom for the dilation of its faculties; as it is the *primum mobile* of every action which we perform, it is evident, that if the fountain be allowed to become tainted, the spring can neither be pure nor wholesome.

The scenery around me was beautiful. Lotty pines stretching up to the clouds; the majestic oak spreading its branches as if in solicitude for the tender plants beneath it; the firm hickory trees growing in clusters of five or six together, and separated from the rest, looked like the members of one great family, each following its own pursuits, yet all contributing to the comfort, appearance, or aggrandizement of the whole. It was just that season of the year when the woods, having already changed their youthful garments for the more sombre apparel of maturer age, were beginning to drop even these; like the wrestler of the Gymnasium divesting himself of his garments, the better to withstand the ruder shocks of his antagonist, his eye looks aloft, he stands as if rooted to the ground, his frame bends in the struggle or bows to the blast, but breaks not.

I walked on slowly for about half an hour, when, having cleared the woods, I found myself in a fine open plain, but yet at a considerable elevation. Before me stretched the Hudson, its silver surface lighted up into magnificence by the full rays of the sun beaming upon it, the air was calm, and the many sails which hung lazily and loose on the masts, spoke quietness; the steam-boats next came to relieve the scene, by the steady rapidity of their motion; and as the full-toned sound of the bugle reached me, softened by distance, I seemed to realize some one of those fairy visions which throw enchantment over oriental fiction. Above me forest piled upon forest until the eye was weary with searching out their termination; on one side, and at a short distance, ran a narrow, shallow brook, which was easily waded: I directed my steps towards it, hoping to meet with occupation for my fowling piece; about its banks the rushes grew high, and many a heron was to be seen about it, seeking its prey; these flew off as I approached. Across the stream was thrown the trunk of a tree, forming a rude bridge, over which it was easy to pass with the precaution of a balancing stick, as it was of very considerable thickness and tapering at the point; those who

venture over it without this precaution, unless possessing a great steadiness of vision, might perhaps, better have waded across. A sportsman, however, seldom calculates chances of personal inconvenience. I placed my foot steadily upon the slippery conveyance, and had proceeded about half way over, when observing a kingfisher rising from the opposite side, I aimed my piece, and in the instant it was discharged at the bird—the action, however, made me lose my balance, and I fell into the water up to the waist, losing at the same time my snuff-box, which, unfortunately, opening, I was deprived of the gratification of administering to my nasal organs their *quantum* of exhilaration.

The unlucky effect of my first shot put me out of humour for further sport, and after having lain on the grass long enough to become perfectly dry, I sought the high-way, in hopes of meeting with some adventure which would compensate me for my mishap. We love to drown the recollections of past sorrows amidst new pleasures; we love to forget that we are miserable, even if it be in the enjoyment of another's pains; let us not disguise it; the heart gathers consolation from the knowledge that it suffers not alone—and why not? Philanthropy demands that we share our pleasures, let it then give us a just equivalent in sympathy.

I had proceeded onward for about an hour, and finding nothing on which my attention might rest with advantage, resumed my way homeward. Scarce had I retraced twenty paces when I was accosted by a man well advanced in years, who hobbled along on one leg—he demanded charity, I gave him a shilling, and found the leaven of my curiosity beginning to work within me. I wished to know his story, and began—"A badge of honour, I suppose, that wooden leg, won in torture and blood." "Ay, ay, tortures indeed, and misery." And I saw the tear-drop gather as he spoke. "Let me know it, my friend, (I replied,) I love to hear the aged tell of their younger days—the old soldier of his well-fought field; come, let us sit beneath this shade, I will share your grief with you. He complied, and seating ourselves upon the moss-covered stones, he told—

## THE OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

"Lost to me are the joys of existence. The war-horse snorts at the trumpet's call, the aged warrior starts from his lethargy when its music meets his ear—but when his heart is broken—thus am I—alone in this wide space where once I numbered friends, and those who loved me—forced to ask from the passing stranger the means of subsistence—there is no place left in my heart but for sorrow. Battles and seiges, the assault and the storming, I revelled in; my heart was in my sword, and I dealt it profusely. But the soldier loves. Mary was to me as rain to the drooping plant. When the carnage was past, when the battle was won, and revel-

ry was at work amidst the victors, would Mary and I sit in the door of my tent, and as the moon rose smilingly over the havoc to which the sun had lighted, I would tell her

"Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;  
"Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly  
breach."

And we would whisper our dreams of love, and hopes of future happiness; and pressing our little ones to our hearts, blessed the God that had carried their father through the battle unhurt.

But short were our dreams, they soon came to a fearful waking. The division to which I belonged was drafted to take the field against the Indians; we formed a part of the force sent under the command of General Wayne, for their reduction, and succeeded in the first trifling skirmishes in making an impression on the savages, who retired as we advanced. They took a stand at Miami, where the armies engaged, and the Indians were defeated with dreadful slaughter—but alas! that day was the quicksand in which vanished my every earthly hope of felicity. In the Indian warfare, the camps are far different from those which have to withstand the attacks of regular forces; confident as we were of victory, some of the women stationed themselves upon a rising ground, to have a view of the battle; among them was Mary. In the midst of the fight some stragglers fired upon them, and deprived me of my wife. I saw confusion on the hill, and left the ranks to ascertain the cause—there was it that a ball entered my leg, and I lay prostrate. I was carried to my tent, and soon after my wife was brought in a corpse. I looked, and was mad; my imagination painted her bleeding and faint, and then she stood before me as on the bridal night; reason was fled. My wound mortified—I lost my limb, and was cast loose on existence. What little I possessed was soon spent. I was unable to work, not so much from the loss of my leg as from other bodily and mental infirmities, which, together, render my existence a burthen to me."

He concluded: I gave him another shilling, and we parted. I returned to my hut, taking care to avoid the slippery bridge; and as the air is getting rather sharp upon the mountain, I shall not again address you until I become reposessed of my garret. Adieu. PROTEUS.

A connection that subsists upon gratitude and mutual good offices, is generally brittle. Each is apt to overvalue the good he does to the other; and, consequently, to expect more gratitude than is reasonable. Hence heart-burnings and disgust. It is otherwise where the connection is formed upon affection and habit. Quarrels tend to strengthen the connection, by the pain of being at variance.—The first sort of connection is commonly that of friends, the other that of lovers.

To the Editor of the American Athenæum.

SIR.—I hasten to submit to your inspection a parcel of manuscripts which have lately fallen into my possession by the death of a gentleman, who had been a resident in this village for the last two months previous to his demise. His name I was never able to ascertain, neither was it known to any other person in the place. In the manuscripts accompanying this, he seems to have borne the name of Valmont. I judge so at least from this circumstance, that the composition of Valmont is in the same hand-writing, as a small note he wrote on a certain occasion, to a poor widow enclosing her a small sum of money, and of which he was, by accident, proved to have been the author. Of his history I know nothing, except what I can gather from the following data. While he resided amongst us, he was remarkable for his love of solitude, which he indulged in frequent walks to the extensive woods that border our township. He occasionally joined in general conversation when he could not well avoid it, but was at all times averse to any private intercourse. Ladies' society he eschewed with peculiar care, for reasons known to himself alone. His habits, in other respects, were regular and ascetic in the extreme; the only trait in his character which rendered him obnoxious to the open censure of our villagers, who consider that man no man, who is unwilling to partake the social glass, or join in an occasional spree. For all these delights the stranger had an utter abhorrence, and, although oft invited,

"The goblet passed his lips untasted still."

Bating this grievous fault and his reserve, he was much esteemed, and was truly a pleasant man. His appearance, too, was prepossessing. He was somewhat below the middle size, well formed, and his countenance was open, frank, and rather handsome, but somewhat pale, owing, as our wise ones said, to his unaccountable abstinence. He is now no more. His virtues and his vices, if he had any, are buried with him, and a simple board with the date of his death marks his tomb.

"Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,  
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

After his death, his papers were examined, and I being the Dennis of the town were finally committed to me, and they cannot be transferred to better hands than those of the Editor of so renowned a publication as yours. With all respect,

GILIO BERTRAM.

Blooming-Grove, Sept. 1st, 1825.

#### LOVE AT EIGHTEEN.—No. I.

"Vauxhall really looks beautiful to-night," exclaimed Alphonso eagerly, as he glanced over the garden that lay in bloom and beauty before him. A slight shower that had just fallen, gave a refreshing coolness to the air that was peculiarly grateful after the heat of a sultry summer day. The silent and voluptuous calm that frequently follows a summer shower, was rendered more enchanting by the soft light of an unclouded moon. The breeze of evening partook of the voluptuous serenity, for the rain-drops, glittering like pearls in the moonlight, were left hanging, undisturbed upon the rose and the lilac as it passed by.

"But come, let's walk farther," continued Alphonso, hastily addressing his friend, who stood wrapt in thought, and almost unconscious of his own existence, gazing upon a summer-house that stood retired from the path, embowered by foliage, and perfumed by the breath of flowers.

"This spot," returned Valmont, recovering from his reverie of abstraction, "brings back to my recollection the re-

membrance of other years. They roll before me with all their deeds. We experience a melancholy pleasure when any memento that recalls the pleasures of other times, strikes upon the sense; it is a strange, inexpressible, mournful enjoyment, which I sometimes love most dearly to indulge in; and I envy not that man's feelings, who can with apathy pass through existence, without dwelling on such mementos. There are a thousand little circumstances continually reminding us and most forcibly, of the past; and often have I felt my heart thrill, and became for the moment unconscious of what was passing round me, by a voice, a name, a tune, or something else trifling in itself, but which by the power of association, has recalled to life and existence things that were.

"This spot," continued Valmont, "recalls most forcibly, times and circumstances long, long, past; *hours when the heart revelled in the luxury of its own thoughts*. But they are past—the lapse of time has passed over them—and they are gone!"

"I think it would be an interesting task," resumed Alphonso, anxious to interrupt the silence which had been mutual for several minutes, "to recall and describe such former hours, when our dream of life from morn till night was love, still love." If you please, I would propose that we undertake the task; it will be a mutual gratification, and may serve to beguile an idle hour, or light a gloomy one."

The proposal was accepted with avidity by Valmont, promises of steadfastness in the prosecution of it entered into, and after sauntering awhile through the gay walks, they separated for the night.

"My friend has not forgotten his promise," thought Alphonso, as he entered his room a few days after, and with a smile of satisfaction, pulled the manuscript from his pocket; "I shall now have an opportunity," continued he, musing to himself, "to see some of the thoughts and circumstances, that engaged my friend's time before I was on terms of intimacy with him; but they will doubtless be mere anticipations of what I have known myself of him. The same unaccountable, changeable creature, acting without reason or forethought, and solely influenced by the impulse of the moment; and, in fact, throughout his whole conduct *consistent in his inconsistencies only*. The virtues of Valmont might have given rise to a soliloquy, of double the length; but curiosity was up—he seated himself, and commenced the manuscript.

Woman has ever been the ruling star of my destiny. 'Tis true she has sometimes mingled *henlock* with the *roses* she scattered o'er the pathway of existence—but even its bitterness was bliss to the apathy of indifference—and every other enjoyment fell far below its sweetness; compared to it earth's happiest scenes were dark, were desolate; for it rose like

the star of hope and happiness amid their ruin and desolation.

"To dwell on every trivial incident of past time was not promised, and of course will not be expected. The more prominent only shall be the subjects of this narrative.

"I shall begin with the Spring of 1812. While on a visit to one of the eastern states, I formed an acquaintance with Juliet. She was the daughter of the gentleman at whose house I resided. I had no other acquaintance scarcely, and the greater part of my time was spent with her. Domestic concerns commonly occupied her mornings. Afternoons we spent together in reading, talking, visiting her friends. She was cheerful and good humoured in conversation, and attentive to every thing that tended to increase my pleasure. We were alone together for hours, days, and as you may suppose the common-place conversation gave way to more interesting topics and warmer themes. but this change was not instantaneous; it was gradual in its progress, but when once commenced its march was rapid—her presence became absolutely essential to my very existence—we were constantly together—we rode, we sailed, we walked, and passed the time most delightfully away—with her I was happy—in her arms to me the world was nothing—but the period of my departure arrived too soon—before I was aware of it—I had forgotten every thing but Juliet. The thoughts of leaving her was laying the axe at the root of all my hopes—it was a stern necessity. The evening previous to my departure, I was standing in the pathway of the garden, watching the vessels glide by moonlight through the waves that were soon to carry me from all my happiness—it was the hour I had been accustomed to meet her—she came running to me, and with a smile that told her happiness, let me know that she had permission to visit the city, and would start in four days. Hope revived. 'Our separation will not be long then,' she whispered, 'but when I leave the city—when shall I see you again? Oh, I dare not think of it!' She burst in tears, and fell in my arms.—Years have rolled on, but that spot still rises on my view—yes, and in judgment to condemn me!"

"But to proceed. The next evening I took leave of her. The clouds were dark and stormy, and I reached the vessel before she was ready to start. I wandered among the rocks that skirted the edge of the river. I threw myself upon them in despair, and lay watching the sheets of lightning as they played over the wave, and listened to the thunder that echoed among the rocks around me. The horn announced her sailing, and I hurried on board. What passed, or how long we were reaching home, I know not. After I had been in town a few days, however, she arrived. She was dearer than ever—we visited together every place of amusement, and in fact were inseparable—her stay was too short—and we parted again

with the promise of writing frequently—she wrote immediately after her arrival home, which was as promptly answered—for a while letter followed letter in warm succession—but there was a pause—a long—a fatal pause! Whose fault was it?

## THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 22, 1825.

## THE ERRATA COLUMN.

We had always regarded the boasted "miseries of editors," in no other light than as mere pretensions to the exclusive dominion of suffering, "mere springs to catch woodcocks;" or rather as so many baits thrown out to secure the sympathies and win the support of a feeling public. No sooner, however, were we invested with the literary truncheon ourselves, than sad experience undeviated us, and made us sensible of the gross injustice of which we had been guilty towards our brethren of the quill.

"He jests at scars, that never felt a wound."

A few weeks have sufficed to impart the truth, and open our eyes to the sad realities of dire suffering to which an editor is subject. Hurricane, conflagration, shipwreck, famine, plague, sickness, are serious evils of life, and we have experienced them all—but they dwindle into utter nothingness when compared with the griefs we now must bear. In all these evils there is a redeeming romance, if we may be allowed the expression, arising from their rarity and the grandeur of situation in which they usually occur, which lightens them of half their weight, and even renders them agreeable in the retrospect. Their very magnitude withal, makes them transitory and of short duration; and, above all, secures to the sufferers the full sympathies of all those whose ears are greeted with the story of their disasters. Hence a positive advantage attends them; which is no other than that of furnishing a subject for conversation in after life, of never-failing interest, more especially to the narrator, the great Ego. Not so with Editors: their miseries have no redeeming grandeur. There is no iota of poetry in rummaging over wet leaves, soiling the fingers and tiring the sense with constant repetition of the self same news. There is no poetry in examining the endless and perhaps illegible communications of raw witlings, who, full of themselves, and nothing else, would fain be ushered as so many *Great Unknowns* before the public. And lastly, there is no poetry in correcting a proof-sheet, that wilderness of blots and wretched figures, and less, far less, in seeing the columns issue from the press, with twenty thousand mortal murders on their heads.

We have been led to this jeremiad by the long list of errors, which stared us in the face on opening our last number, after it was issued from the press. Some of these, grievous as they were, might have been borne with a drop of patience. But after writing a commendatory notice of our friend Towle's Grammar of Astronomy, which we had intended should exclude every other school-book of the kind, it was with no ordinary feelings of mortification we found our object entirely defeated by the perverseness of our compositor and the worthy Mr. Towle converted into—a fowl!—Let him not complain, however: he is not the first who has undergone this metamorphosis.

Our printer was ambitious of imitating the god Mars, and by his so potent art dealt out to Mr. Towle the fate of poor Alectryon.

To be serious, we regret the error, and beg to repeat our impression, that Mr. Towle's book is one of the best books of the kind we have met with, and deserves a place in all our academies.

*Errata in our last.*—In the first page, second column, third line from the top, for 'vomito pue-  
to,' read 'vomito prieto.'

Do. Do. twelfth line from the top, for 'enormous,' read 'numerous.'

Page 193, second column, twenty-first line from the top, for 'brow,' read 'brown.'

Page 199, under the head of Dugald Stewart, for 'Sir Henry Ruben,' read 'Sir Henry Raeburn,' and 'last, not least,' for 'I. Fowle,' read 'I. Towle.'

## THE DRAMA.

## PARK THEATRE.

MR. CONWAY, in *Coriolanus*.—We cannot say that this play is a favourite with us. It arrays *the few* against *the many*, the single man of pride and the aristocrat noble, against the sovereign people.

"Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,  
And occupations perish!"

This is the motto of the principal characters in the piece, and it sounds very prettily in poetry, but it is abhorrent to common sense. It involves the destruction of the industrious mechanic and the enterprising merchant, and would leave the world for those "who have a charter to extol their blood." In short, the character of Coriolanus, however perfect and complete in itself, is a poor model to us republicans, and the sympathy we feel in his behalf, when he is represented to the life by a Conway, is a mighty sacrifice of the love of liberty, to the awe inspired by valour combined with contempt of popular opinion. In saying thus much, we would be distinctly understood as reflecting merely on the character of Coriolanus as he was formed by nature, and depicted with his usual truth, by the poet. The representation of Mr. Conway elicited our warmest applause. It was, indeed, a finished piece of acting. To notice the numerous fine points in his performance is out of our power. A few only can find a place here. In the first and second scenes with the tribunes, both that in which they first announce the people's disclaiming him as Consul, and that in which they urge his death from the Tarpeian rock, his manner and tone were admirable. He was the proud Roman disdainful the profane vulgar from the top to the toe. Never have we seen indignation, and honest sense of merit writhing under foul abuse, more forcibly delineated in human countenance than when Sincerus, charging him with treachery to the people, he exclaimed, with a voice choked at once with a thousand contending emotions—"How! traitor?" and then, relieving his burdened soul, he goes on with that impassioned speech—

"The fires i'the lowest hell fold in the people!  
"Call me their traitor!" &c.

And when he is banished, with what an air of haughty magnanimity, and philosophic stoicism he exclaims—

"You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate  
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize  
As the dead carcasses of unburied men,  
That do corrupt my air, *Ibanish you!*  
And here remain with your uncertainty!  
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!  
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes

Fan you into despair! Have the power still  
To banish your defenders." &c.

The close of this speech was delivered with infinite point—

"There is a world elsewhere"

In the last act, we had a still richer treat. The trial of his affections by his mother, was affecting in the extreme, and the words—

"O my mother—

You have won a happy victory to Rome,  
But for your son—believe it—he is lost."

Were given with the happiest effect.

The last scene with Aufidius gave him another opportunity of excelling, and it was not thrown away. The word 'Boy,' still rings in our ears—uttered with the prophetic agony of evil.

In noticing this play we must not omit the Aufidius of Mr. Simpson, and the Menenius of Foote. They both gave us spirited and faithful personations of their respective parts, and were deservedly applauded by a discriminating audience.

The afterpiece was 'Fish out of Water,' and gave Hilson's comic powers their full play.—'Strike but smell;' and so we say to all harsh-judging critics.

MR. COOPER made his first appearance on Saturday, as Damon. He was warmly received, and went through his part with his usual effect. We never saw him to better advantage. His last scene was unusually impressive.

On Monday this actor made his second appearance in Rolla. This is by no means Mr. Cooper's forte. He wants fire for the part. His natural cold manner sits heavy on the ardent and impetuous Peruvian, and even in the speech to the troops in the Temple of the Sun, we were rather reminded of a disclaimer at a forum, than a fiery aborigine of America, exciting his susceptible countrymen to deeds of valour and of glory.

The performance of Pizarro was by no means so good this evening as we have seen it on these very boards. Mr. Clarke wants dignity for the haughty Spanish chieftain; and Mrs. Battersby was somewhat too much of the old tragedy queen in Elvira. These are defects easily remedied.—Mr. Foote, in Orozombo, was very effective, but the savage that slew him did it with an air that reminded us of a man handling a spoon at a turtle feast. Mrs. Hilson as Cora was all we could wish, Mrs. Siddons being no more.

The houses at this theatre continue to be crowded—a just tribute to the praiseworthy efforts of the managers to gratify the public.

## CHATHAM THEATRE.

The *Lady of the Lake*, a melo-dramatic romance, deriving its beauty and interest from Sir Walter Scott's celebrated poem, and dramatised by Edmund John Eyre, was represented at this theatre on Monday evening last. The scenery was splendid and imposing; seldom, if ever, have we seen a scenic exhibition that would bear a comparison with that of the *Lady of the Lake*. Besides the richness of the painting and decorations, the genius of the painter has lent an interest to the piece which recalls to mind many of the historical incidents which pervade Scott's poem. The dresses are no less worthy of notice—they are, throughout, tasteful and rich. The house was crowded to excess, and we had but a poor opportunity of noticing the parts of the respective actors: what we saw and heard was creditable to all concerned. We shall not at this time venture to speak of the performances in general, but in our next will be explicit.